Gochan

TV COMIC 6D

FOR SUPER LAUGHS AND SUPER THRILLS

Every Monday | Week Ending 12th September, 1964 | Number 665

POPEYE
GOOD! THIS IS A FINE STRAIGHT TREE... JUST THE JOB TO MAKE A SHIP'S MAST.
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?
I'LL FIX THAT GUY WHO'S TRYING TO RUIN MY HOME.
WHAT THE...?
I WON'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT STOP ME.
GREAT HARD BOILED EGGS! HE'S AT IT AGAIN!
THIS'LL SETTLE HIM!
AWK!
TWANG
CLUNK
LISTEN, BUSTER, WE CAN'T CARRY ON LIKE THIS... LET'S MAKE A DEAL.
ALL I WANT IS MY LITTLE HOUSE UP THERE!
OH, AND ALL I WANT IS THE TRUNK OF THE TREE!
LATER...
ARF-ARF! NOW WE'RE BOTH HAPPY!
© 1964, KING FEATURES SYNDICATE INC.

FIREBALL XL5

THE FANTASTIC FIREWORK DISPLAY ENTHRALLS STEVE AND VENUS, WHO ARE RELAXING AFTER A SWIM. . .
GEE, STEVE, LOOK AT THAT ONE! IT SEEMS TO BE PLUNGING INTO THE SEA!
IT SURE DOES, VENUS... BUT WHERE ARE THEY COMING FROM? THERE ARE NO REPORTS OF METEOR SHOWERS.

Based on the A.P. Films Ltd. and Associated Television Ltd. series "Fireball XL5"

THIS PLACE IS IDEAL. WE'LL BUILD THE CITY OVER THERE...
WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE EARTHMEN'S SURFACE VESSELS, CAPTAIN!
YES, ROE...THEY WILL BE DANGEROUS TO US! WE MUST DESTROY THEM!
THAT'S IT, ZOONIE—HIT THE BALL!
HO! HO! YOU'LL NEVER TEACH THAT POOCH HOW TO PLAY, VENUS.
STEVE—I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU... OUTSIDE!
THERE'S A FLAP ON AT SPACE CITY, STEVE. THOSE STRANGE OBJECTS IN THE SKY ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE COME FROM A SPACE SHIP!
WHAT? YOU'RE JOKING, MAT...
...WHY, THEY LANDED IN THE BAY OVER THERE. WHAT THREAT COULD THEY BE? THEY'RE HARMLESS!
HARMLESS?
MY GOODNESS, MAT! GET THE HOVER-BOAT AND LET'S SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!
YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS IF THESE EXPLOSIONS DO COME FROM A SPACE SHIP, STEVE...
YEH—EARTH WILL HAVE BEEN INVADED!
NEVILLE MAIN

Next week, Steve comes face to face with the strangers from Space!

Foo Foo and GOGO

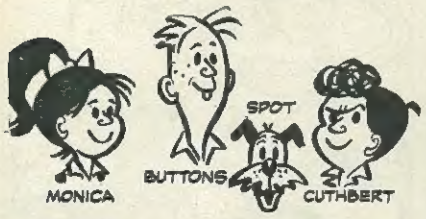
by Halas & Batchelor

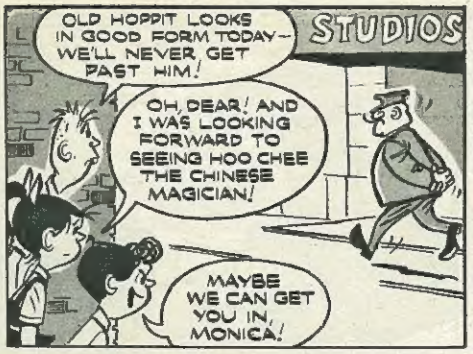
LET'S ENTER THIS!
HEDGE-CUTTING COMPETITION
BIG PRIZES FOR THE BEST SHAPES
ONLY 1 DAY LEFT BEFORE JUDGING!
COME ON, WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME LEFT TO CUT OUR HEDGE!
WE'VE ONLY ONE PAIR OF SHEARS—SO I'LL CUT THE HEDGE WHILE YOU SWEEP UP THE BITS!
HUH?
SO HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO WIN THE PRIZE, DOES HE? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
CLIP! CLIP!
I'LL MAKE A NICE BIG BONFIRE OF THESE CLIPPINGS (HEH! HEH!)
HEY! (SPLUTTER! COUGH!)
HO! HO! THAT WILL PUT A STOP TO HIS CLEVER CLIPPING! HO! HO! HO!
I MUSTN'T STOP (COUGH!) —I SHALL NEVER FINISH THE HEDGE IN TIME IF I DO! (SPLUTTER!)
2 HOURS LATER...
AAGH!
IDIOT! YOU'VE RUINED THE HEDGE! I SHALL NEVER BE ABLE TO CUT IT INTO A DECENT SHAPE NOW!
SOON...
JUDGE
AMAZING! UNDOUBTEDLY THE FINEST CONTEMPORARY TYPE HEDGE I HAVE SEEN! FIRST PRIZE, YOUNG MAN!
GROAN!

Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo".

Gogo is pitched into a bale of trouble next week!

TV TERRORS

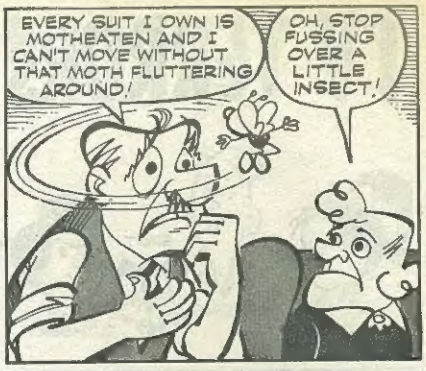


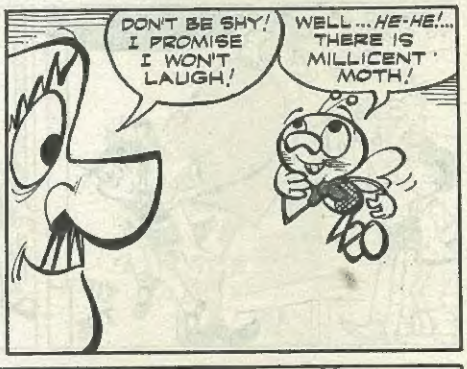

STUDIOS
OLD HOPPIT LOOKS IN GOOD FORM TODAY— WE'LL NEVER GET PAST HIM!
OH, DEAR! AND I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING HOO CHEE THE CHINESE MAGICIAN!
MAYBE WE CAN GET YOU IN, MONICA!

IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GETTING IN TO SEE THE MAGICIAN, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING.
NO, MR. HOPPIT— WE JUST WANT TO SHOW YOU A TRICK.

Next week, Hoppit gets all tied up!

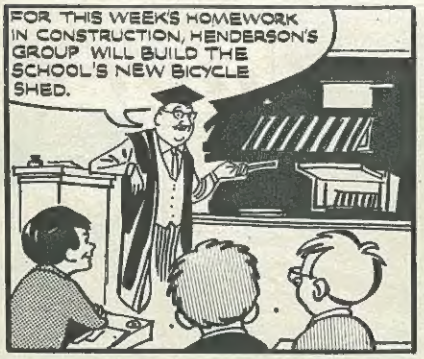
MIGHTY MOTH





"Get rid of that Millicent" demands Ma, next week!

THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY



A LITTLE LATER...
HALLO, DAD! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO LAY A FOUNDATION STONE?
WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, A CONCRETE HEN? HA! HA! HA!... SERIOUSLY, I'D LOVE TO, BUT ONLY IMPORTANT PEOPLE DO THAT!

Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show".

More family fun in next week's TV Comic!

SUPERCAR

BASED ON THE A.P. FILMS LTD. AND ASSOCIATED TELEVISION LTD. SERIES "SUPERCAR".

SOMEWHERE above the barren wastes of the Antarctic, a lone research plane fights its way through a howling snowstorm.

LOOK OUT!

THE PILOT SLAMS THE RUDDER BAR...

REPEATER S.O.S.

OFF

ON

SOS FROM THE HOLICK MOUNTAINS... THERE ISN'T A GHOST OF A CHANCE GETTING HELP THERE IN THIS WEATHER!

WHAT ABOUT SUPERCAR, SIR...?

A CALL FOR HELP IS FLASHED HALFWAY ACROSS THE WORLD TO THE SUPERCAR BASE AT BLACK ROCK, NEVADA...

THIS SEEMS A TALL ORDER, PROF — I ONLY HOPE WE'RE IN TIME!

SUPERCAR

SUPERCAR APPROACHING, SIR!

LET'S SEE IT OVER!

GOOD LUCK, SUPERCAR... THERE'S STILL 1000 MILES TO GO!

HOW FAR NOW, PROF?

WE SHOULD BE NEARLY THERE...

JIMINNY, PROF — WE DON'T STAND MUCH OF A CHANCE OF FINDING ANYONE IN THIS!

THE SUPERCAR CLUB LUCKY LICENCE NUMBER THIS WEEK IS: 54,002

Super thrills in Supercar, next week!

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

P. Johnson, Coventry.

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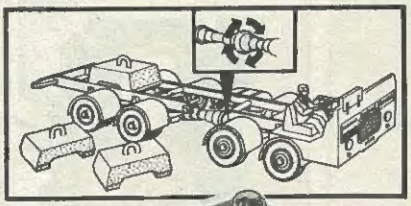
THIS MONTH'S NEW DINKY MODELS



LEYLAND 8-WHEEL CHASSIS

Carry out your own test programme on this Leyland chassis. Another Leyland on test' signs front and rear. Driver in test rig. Trade number plates. Moving prop. shafts in bright orange. Detachable ballast weights (see left). Chassis silver/grey with bright green underguards, 'cab' with red oxide undercoating.

No. 936. Price 14/11

BEDFORD TK COAL LORRY

You can be the coalman weighing each bag on the scales, delivering up to 6 sacks Fixed headboard on cab roof. Approved Coal Merchant symbol on cab side. Finished in gleaming bright red with silver chassis.

No. 425. Price 8/11

Always something new from DINKY TOYS ®

precision-engineered by Meccano Limited

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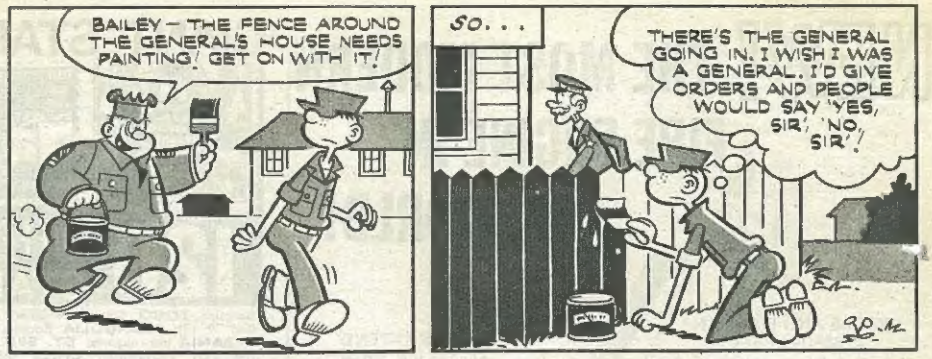
BEETLE BAILEY


BAILEY — THE FENCE AROUND THE GENERAL'S HOUSE NEEDS PAINTING! GET ON WITH IT!
SO...
THERE'S THE GENERAL GOING IN. I WISH I WAS A GENERAL. I'D GIVE ORDERS AND PEOPLE WOULD SAY 'YES, SIR', 'NO SIR'!

I'D SHOW THAT SARGE A THING OR TWO...!
SERGEANT — POLISH THAT TANK UNTIL I CAN SEE MY FACE IN IT!
YES, SIR!
WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED POLISHING MY SHOES YOU CAN SERVE MY DINNER!
YES, SIR. CERTAINLY, SIR!

I WISH I WERE A PRIVATE, BAILEY — MY WIFE MAKES ME DO ALL THE HOUSE-WORK!
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, SIR. THE SARGE IS ALWAYS FINDING JOBS FOR ME!
OH, DEAR — AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT!
WELL, SIR, IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO TELL, I'LL LET YOU INTO A SECRET!
GENERAL'S HONOUR — I WON'T TELL!
RIGHT — WHISPER! WHISPER!

SO...
THIS IS A SUPER HIDING PLACE, BAILEY — I'D NEVER HAVE THOUGHT OF IT!
MEANWHILE...
BAILEY! WHERE ARE YOU, BAILEY?
HENRY! THE FLOOR'S NOT DONE, AND HECTOR WANTS HIS WALKIES! WHERE ARE YOU?

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Meet Moocher in next week's Beetle Bailey

NEW! THE MOST MODERN FIRE ENGINE IN THE WORLD!

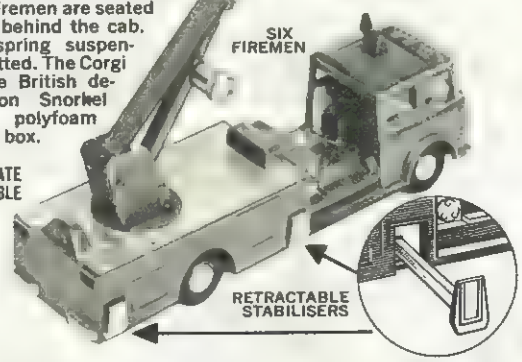
CRADLE AND FIREMAN REMAIN LEVEL

BOOMS EXTEND TO 14¾ ins. HIGH

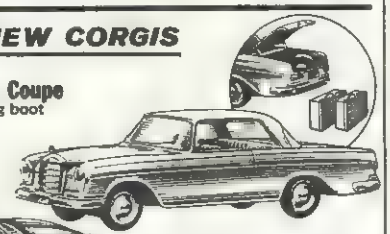
A Fully working Corgi model!

SIMON SNORKEL FIRE ENGINE

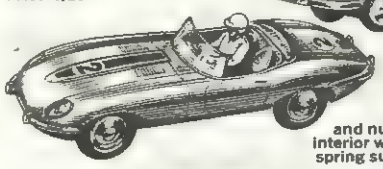
Overall length **9¾ inches.** Height (fully extended) **14¾ inches. 19/11.** A superb Corgi Model of the latest, most modern fire fighting vehicle available today, with every feature authentically reproduced. Ladders have given way to hydraulic operating lifting booms on a revolving platform that carry a fireman quickly and easily to the source of the fire or to the rescue of trapped people—no more struggling up ladders! Throughout the elevating movement the fireman's cradle remains perfectly level as it rises and falls, and four retractable stabilisers hold the model in position while the booms are adjusted. The cab interior detail includes two firemen and steering wheel, while three firemen are seated immediately behind the cab. Glidamatic spring suspension is also fitted. The Corgi model of the British designed Simon Snorkel comes in a polyfoam presentation box.



OTHER GREAT NEW CORGIS



253 Mercedes Benz 220 SE Coupe
A super model! It has an opening boot with removable luggage and a spare wheel! Other top features are seats, steering-wheel, and Glidamatic spring suspension. Length 4". Price 4/9.



312 'E' Type Jaguar
The plated body gleams like silver! The realistic features are driver, competition stripes and number, wire wheels, fully detailed interior with 'bucket' seats and Glidamatic spring suspension. Length 3¾" Price 5/3.

Get the NEW 40-page Corgi Catalogue—only 3d.

CORGI TOYS TRADE MARK REGISTERED
PRECISION DIE-CAST SCALE MODELS

GIANT STAMP COLLECTION

Bargain: **TOGO** Stamp Centenary set of 3 **CONGO** Red X (2); **MONGOLIA** Rockets (2); **RUSSIA** 1944; **ALBANIA** old imperfs. **GT. BRITAIN** Edward VIII (3) and 1937 Coronation; **CHILE** Airmails (3); **UPPER VOLTA** Diamond; **CAMEROONS** Telstar. Many other unusual stamps from all over the world. 120 different (worth 8/6). All for 1/- to introduce Bargain Approvals. Ask for **LOT TC 42.** Approvals are stamps sent for 14 days free inspection, buy what you want, return the rest.

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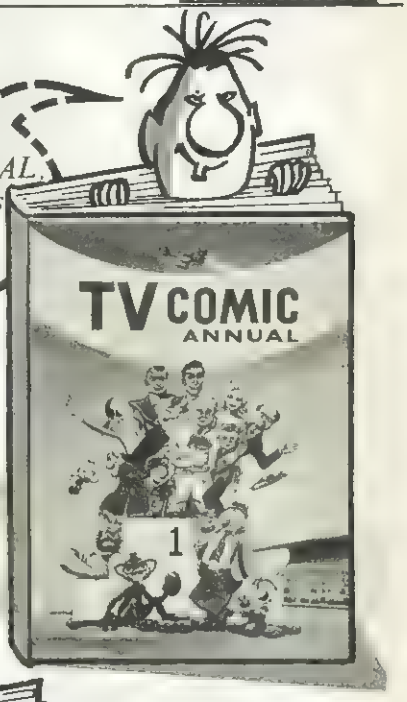
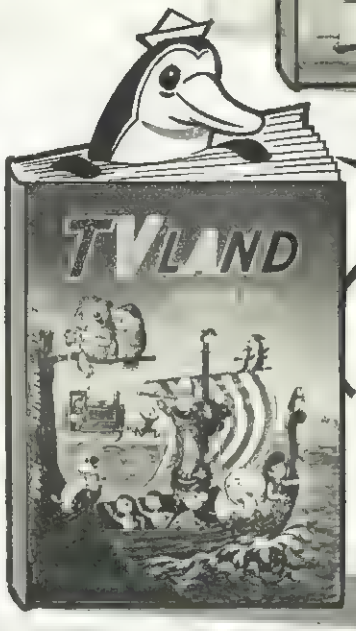
. . . it's great in TV COMIC ANNUAL over a 100 pages of fun, thrills and adventure!





. . . and you can meet lots and lots of TV favourites in TV LAND ANNUAL!

ON SALE NOW

Price 8'6d each

DR. NOLAN'S TeleVarsity

BOODLE was furious. Bodger had tipped all his chocolates into the robot postman, and Postie, the robot, was disappearing down the corridor on the moving floor.

"Hum! You're a pal, you are!" Boodle hooted. "How are we going to get them back?"

"I didn't mean it that way," Bodger gulped. "I was trying to hide them from the monitor and the other fellows."

"I know what you were trying to do," said Boodle bitterly. "But look what you've done."

"We'll have to get after them," said Bodger.

That seemed a good idea to Boodle. It was morning break, so there was nothing to stop them. Running out on to the travelator, the two boys sped along the corridor after Postie.

Dr. Nolan, meanwhile, was beaming at some American visitors he had just received. He knew nothing of what was happening.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Burger," he was saying. "And your son, of course. I'm sure he will prove a good pupil."

"Glad to hear it, Doctor," beamed the American. "But the point is, I want my son to go to a really good college, is this Televarsity really a good college?"

Dr. Nolan was shocked. He considered Televarsity the finest college in existence.

"My dear sir! Televarsity is the most modern college in the world. We have everything. Not only are we fully automatic, we are almost a university."

"Is that so?" beamed Mr. Burger. "I'd like to see over it."

"By all means, Mr. Burger. Dr. Nolan was beaming again. "I shall be delighted to show you round myself. Er—excuse me a moment. This is the post—second delivery. You can see something of our methods without moving."

Dr. Nolan was mistaken. In the excitement of meeting his important visitors—for Mr. Burger was a millionaire—he had forgotten that Postie had already made his second delivery. Postie always went to Dr. Nolan first.

What the little robot was doing now was returning Lost Property. Always when things were unaddressed or wrongly addressed, Postie brought them to Dr. Nolan. And Boodle's chocolates had no address on them!

Postie rumbled up to the desk and made a whirring sound. He was filling his tank with compressed air. It was compressed air which shot out the letters or parcels, and presently his electronic brain told him that the pressure was sufficient for the job in hand.

Burger Senior and Burger Junior—known to his pals as Butch—had swung round in their chairs. Postie was puffing a bit, for chocs in a heap were a bit difficult for him to blow out. But Postie was equal to the task.

One chocolate shot out and hit Dr. Nolan on the nose. Owing to the pressure behind it, it had missed the tray and gone right across the desk.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

Another chocolate landed on Mr. Burger's chin. It was quite a soft one, and it made a squashy sound. The chocolates did not fly straight, for Postie's letter box was too large to give them direction. The third chocolate flew in Butch's direction, and Butch grabbed it and popped it into his mouth.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "This is a great idea."

His father felt rather differently. Both he and Dr. Nolan had pulled out their handkerchiefs and were trying to wipe off the sticky stuff.

"Waal, I don't know," said Mr. Burger. "I like candy, but this seems a peculiar way of getting it."

Butch was a lot quicker than his father. As the little robot shot out more chocs, Butch caught them neatly and made short work of them.

"I reckon I'm going to like this place, Pop," he gurgled.

At that moment the study door opened again. Bodger and Boodle had arrived on the travelator, breaking the ray that worked the opening mechanism, but they skidded to a halt when they saw there were visitors.

As the pals were standing in the ray, the door remained open, so they were able to see all that happened. And what happened was that Postie went on delivering chocolates as though that was his real business in life.

Young Butch caught most of them, but Mr. Burger received a few, mainly in the eye.

"So this is the sort of thing that goes on in this college!" he roared. "If ever I'm idiot enough to let my son come to a place like this I'll—Yaroooo-o-o-oooOOOHH!"

That was a squashy one!

At the same moment, Butch had a bright idea. He seized one of Dr. Nolan's wire trays and held it in front of the letter box.

Whoooo-o-o-o-oooooooo-OOOOOOOSSSHHH!

Out came all the rest of the chocs in a grand slam, and Butch caught the whole lot!

"Junior!" roared Mr. Burger. "Put down that tray at once. You know you're on a diet!"

This was a fact. Butch was far too fat.

Butch, however, was delighted with his catch. He loved eating, and this looked to him like the chance of a lifetime. Leaping to his feet, he tore out of the study with the tray of chocolates.

Away he went, thoroughly convinced that this was the way things were done at Televarsity, and doged on to the travelator.

"Boy, oh boy!" he gurgled. "All I want is a spot for a feed."

Bodger and Boodle did not hesitate. Both together, they started after Butch. But Butch's father had sprung out of his chair and rushed out as well. The result was that he charged into Bodger and Boodle, while Dr. Nolan followed close behind.

This enabled Butch to make a clean getaway. Speeding along on the moving floor, he saw a door open ahead of him, and Butch did not stop to think where it led. He charged in, and the door closed behind him...

Next week, Butch meets P.T. Pete!

"THE BEST BADGE I'VE GOT!"

"This is my Blue Bird badge. It means I belong to the League of Pity. I sent off 2/6d., and got this badge, and the League magazine, and a Blue Egg Saving Box—to save as much money as I can for boys and girls who aren't as happy as me! Why don't *you* join, too?"

To N.S.P.C.C. 1 RIDING HOUSE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Please enrol me as a member. I enclose 2/6d. postal order.

Name .....

Address .....

..... T.V.C.

GREAT BRITAIN Used

SHAKESPEARE SET and special souvenir **STAMP ALBUM**

ALL FREE!

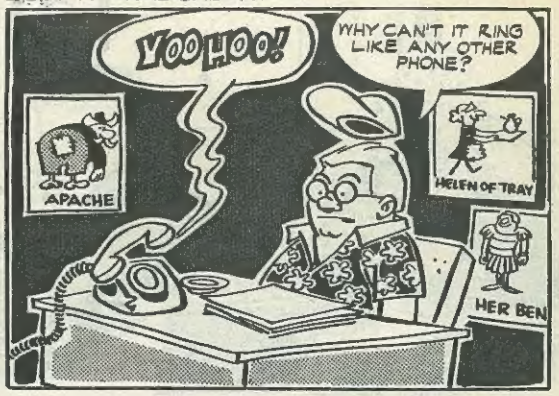
This scarce short set of 4 **British William Shakespeare commemoratives**, 3d., 6d., 1/3 and 1/6 values, showing the Queen, Shakespeare, and his play characters: Feste, Bottom, Romeo and Juliet and Henry V. plus the special souvenir miniature STAMP ALBUM to house all the British and Empire Shakespeare stamps, will be sent **ABSOLUTELY FREE** to all genuine applicants for our famous Bonanza Penny Boxes. These mini-boxes contain over 1,000 choice stamps, rich in modern large pictorials and elusive early issues, simply pick where you like at A PENNY A STAMP (or 15 for 1/- on larger quantities). Please enclose 6d. towards postage costs, and tell your Parents or Guardians you are writing.

THE STAMP CLUB

(DEPT. TV5), Eastrington, Goole, Yorkshire

THE TELEGOONS

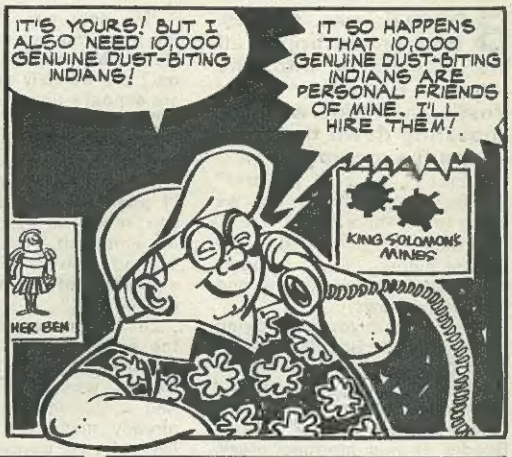
"MY NAME IS NEDDIE Z. SEAGOON THE FILM DIRECTOR. 'ON THE DAY I STARTED MY NEW EPIC PRODUCTION I GOT A PHONE CALL..."

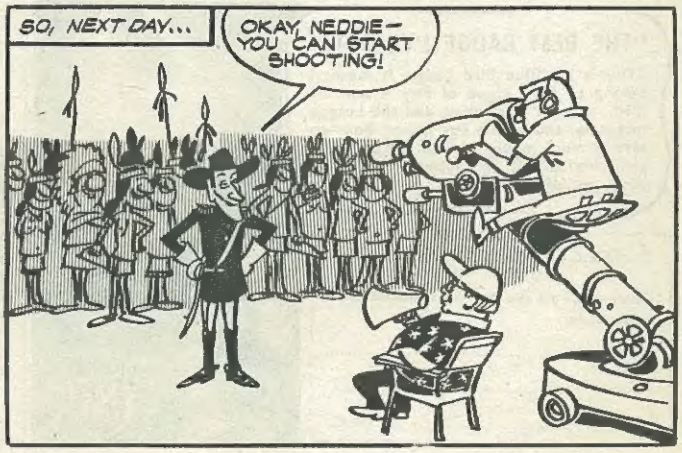


"I PICKED UP THE RECEIVER TO HEAR THE GOLDEN VOICE OF THE FAMOUS ACTOR. GRITPYPE THYNNE..."

HALLO, DEAR BOY. THIS IS GRITPYPE THYNNE, THE GOLDEN VOICED ACTOR, SPEAKING!
I'D RECOGNISE THAT VOICE ANYWHERE! HOW DO YOU KEEP IT SO GOLDEN?

I EAT EIGHTEEN CARROTS A DAY—NOW TO BUSINESS. I HEAR YOU'RE MAKING A FILM CALLED 'CLUSTER'S LAST STAND'? I'D LIKE THE PART OF GENERAL CLUSTER!

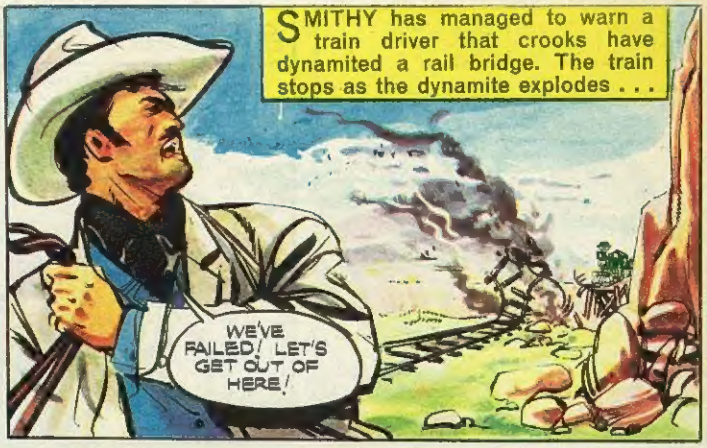

IT'S YOURS! BUT I ALSO NEED 10,000 GENUINE DUST-BITING INDIANS!
IT SO HAPPENS THAT 10,000 GENUINE DUST-BITING INDIANS ARE PERSONAL FRIENDS OF MINE. I'LL HIRE THEM!
KING SOLOMON'S MINES
HER BEN



NEE-HEE! 'CLUSTER'S LAST STAND', WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS. SCENE 1!
CLAP!!
CUT-CUT! CLAPPER BOY! YOU'VE CLAPPED YOUR CLAPPER ON CLUSTER!
HI HUPPOSE HOO HINK HAT'S HUNNY?
OKAY, ROLL 'EM! BANG THOSE TOM-TOMS—START THE WAR DANCE!
WALLA! WALLA!
YAHOO!
BOOM! BOOM!
SAY, CHIEF—THIS WAR DANCE IS BRINGING BACK ALL MY INDIAN TYPE FIGHTING INSTINCTS!
MINE TOO!
LET'S SHOW DESE WHITE MEN DAT DE REDSKINS IS STILL TOUGH!
CHARGE!
RUN! THESE 'CHAPS MEAN BUSINESS! MAKE FOR THE CARDBOARD FORTRESS!
WE'RE SAFE HERE!
BREAK IT UP, YOU GUYS! YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING TOO MUCH TELEVISION!
POLICE
SAVED!
WE WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE THE FILM OF CLUSTER'S LAST STAND NOW, NEDDIE!
YOU'RE TELLING ME! I KNOW WHAT MY NEXT FILM'S GOING TO BE!
LATER...
'ROBINSON CRUSOE' WITH A CAST OF ONE—SCENE 1!
BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY.

The first Goon in Space . . . don't miss next week's Telegoons!

The MILKY BAR KID


SMITHY has managed to warn a train driver that crooks have dynamited a rail bridge. The train stops as the dynamite explodes . . .
WE'VE FAILED! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

SMITHY QUICKLY EXPLAINS WHAT HAS HAPPENED . . .
PLEASE, PLEASE HELP! MY FRIEND AND HIS COUSIN WERE ON THE BRIDGE WHEN IT BLEW UP.
BUT WHAT CAN WE DO, SON... WE'RE STUCK HERE SAME AS YOU!

WHILE THE CONSTRUCTION GANG REPAIR THE BRIDGE, THE MILKY BAR KID AND JANE ARE TAKEN HOME . . . SMITHY AND THE DIRECTORS BACK TRACK TO THE NEAREST TOWN AND RIDE TO CANDY SPRINGS BY STAGE . . .
THEY'VE CAUGHT THE CROOKS, MILKY BAR KID!
THANKS TO YOU!
DON'T THANK ME, MISTER, SMITHY'S THE ONE THAT NEEDS THANKING!

AND SO, AS A REWARD . . .
GEE, MILKY BAR KID, THIS IS GREAT... NOW STOKE THAT FIRE, FAST!
SURE THING, ENGINE DRIVER SMITHY, THE MILKY BAR EXPRESS MUST GET THROUGH!
HO! HO! HO!

More Milky Bar Kid thrills, next week.

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION